

# THE GOLDEN ROD



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IT BECAME HIS BUSINESS SUIT  
IT LAY AROUND THE HOUSE FOR  
MONTHS  
NOW IT'S HIS SUNDAY SUIT

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*Photo By Pierce*

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1919

# The Golden-Rod

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|                         |                   |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
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| BUSINESS MANAGER.....   | WILLIAM COUCH     |
| ASST. BUSINESS MGR..... | REGINALD HANSON   |

## EDITORIALS

\* \* \* \* \*

Doubtless you wondered where the frontispiece was in our first issue. We regret that there was no suitable picture available at the time the *Golden Rod* went to press, but hope you have overlooked this in view of the general excellence of the other departments of the magazine. Realizing that pictures make a great addition to the *Golden Rod* we have a frontispiece and a smaller picture for you in this issue, and will see to it that there are one or more pictures in the following numbers.

\* \* \*

The class sports have been entered into with a vim and vigor heretofore unequaled. Competition is keen, as no class seems to have a very decided advantage over the others—unless it be our athletically inclined Juniors—and several predictions have been upset. The Juniors, with their flock of young Samsons and Atlases, have been hard pressed by the other classes, the Seniors especially showing unexpected prowess. The Freshmen and Sophomores have also

caused more or less energetic opposition for each other.

As it now stands—

The Junior Class sits on the wall,  
But—sometime it will have a great fall,  
And all the king's horses and all the  
king's men,  
Won't put the Juniors together again.

\* \* \*

We wish to call your attention to the advertisements in this issue for William E. Fritz, the Jeweler, for the Dutch Food Shop, for Bahr's Music Store, and for Moorhead's Shoe Store; these were written by Annabelle Brown, Anna Lyons, Emma Krasinski, and Gerald Horrigan, respectively. The Senior English Classes of the Commercial Department are correlating in this way with the local merchants to the practical benefit of both. As our student ad-writers are still working, with much competition among them, there will undoubtedly be more of their fine work exhibited in the remaining numbers.

A shadow has been cast over our school by the untimely deaths of our beloved teachers, Miss Seymour and Mr. Roache. We feel that we have lost two splendid friends. And we wonder, as we think back, if we always treated them as our friends; if we *always* reciprocated their efforts in our behalf.

The saying "You never miss the water till the well runs dry," is indeed a grim one as here applied. So, let us realize *now* that our teachers—and we may add, our parents—are our best friends and should be so regarded; let us realize that to try to teach us is our teachers' life work; to try to learn is our duty;—the first is vain without the second.

This does *not* mean that we all should become book-worms—far from that. It *does* mean, however, that we all should show a whole-hearted effort and willingness to learn. That is indeed the least we can do.

\* \* \*

As this is our best opportunity we wish to commend the school, especially the September Freshmen, for its financial support of the first issue. The September Freshmen averaged more copies than any other class except the Seniors. In fact, the financial support was so good that there wasn't a single copy left over, and more could have been sold. We hope that all who wanted copies of this issue, may have got them, and we advise, for your own sake that you order your next number so you may be sure of having it.

\* \* \*

SENIORS! Where is your good behavior?

Don't you know enough, when there is no teacher in the room, to work if you have any to do? Or if, perchance, you have no work, or no inclination to work, at least don't make *so* much noise that

the teacher in the next room can hear you. Do you know you are committing an offense, legally called "Disturbing the Peace"?

\* \* \*

In the death of Mr. Roache, we mourn the loss of a kindly, warm-hearted man, whose influence will long be felt in the school where he taught and in the community where he lived.

A man of sterling worth, his life was characterized by a modesty and dignity of bearing, by extreme uprightness and integrity, and by a steadfast devotion to duty.

His generous and sympathetic nature, his thoughtful courtesy, and the gentleness and nobility of his character commanded the respect of all who were brought in contact with him.

Life had failed to embitter him; instead he had gained, thro' life's vicissitudes, a calmness and serenity of mind which the aggressive man rarely finds.

We who were privileged to count ourselves among his friends, found his friendship a warm, living actuality. An interesting and delightful companion, a man whom we could implicitly trust, his many lovable qualities were impressed upon us more and more deeply with the passing of time.

"Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,  
A true and brave and downright honest man!

\* \* \* \* \*

His daily prayer, far better understood  
In acts than words, was simply *doing good*.

So calm, so constant was his rectitude,  
That by his loss alone we know its worth,  
And feel how true a man has walked  
with us on earth."

—Clara E. Thompson.

## REGENERATION

As Duane sat there before the open hearth with the firelight playing on his long, lithe body, his eyes were strangely softened. Duane's eyes in the presence of others were steely grey, hard, and metallic. But now, they were softened as though he was dreaming of other and happier days.

To his superiors, Duane was simply an expert engineer who solved the hardest problems with an easy disregard of their difficulty. It was as though he disdained any or all problems, as though his was a brain that could solve any problem with little effort.

To his men, Duane was a driver who worked himself harder than he worked them, a driver who compelled their admiration and respect.

To the people with whom he was acquainted, Duane was a mystery. He seemed to have no friends and to make none. The only companion he had was an Indian servant. Duane also seemed to have a strange fear of women. He would have nothing to do with them, and as far as it was in his power, no woman was allowed on the construction on which he was at work. It was very noticeable, that the men he chose as his assistants were all unmarried men of mature years. The men tried to make up a past for him, but he would never talk and he never dropped any hint as to his past. All that the men of the company knew was this:

Four years before, Harold Duane had appeared at the office of the North American Construction Company and asked for a position as engineer,—and got it. (It was noticeable that what Duane went after he got.) Duane was sent to Argentina to help on a large reservoir which the company was building there.

By his brains and hard work Duane advanced until finally he became assistant to the engineer in charge. When

the head engineer was taken ill and ordered north, Duane was given complete charge of the construction and finished the work months ahead of the contract time, thereby making money for his company.

When he reached the States, he was sent to a dam that the Company was constructing in the Red Valley. Here he was to have entire charge, the engineer who had been in charge returning to New York. Here Duane is found.

As he sat there before the fire, he looked strangely like a boy who, after a hard day of playing, had eaten his supper and now was resting and dreaming before the open hearth.

A knock came at the door, and Duane's expression changed. Over his face came a cold, grey mask, and his eyes grew hard.

"Come in," his voice was cold as though it was ice.

"All right, Mr. Duane," answered the man. "I just brought up a couple of letters; they have been down to the office a week, and you didn't call for them, so I brought them up."

"Thanks," laconically replied Duane, "but I wasn't expecting any mail from the company for another week."

"These aren't company letters; they aren't in company envelopes anyway."

"All right, thanks."

"Good night, Mr. Duane."

"Good night." And after the man had left, "Who could have written me? I have no friends, and surely none of my old ones know where I am. Well, there is only one way to find out." He opened one of the letters.

It was an invitation from the wife of the President of the company for a ball to be held on Christmas Eve and to which all the engineers in the employment of the company were invited and at which the directors and the engineers

were to meet. The other was a letter from the President notifying him of a directors' meeting to be held on the first Monday of the new year and asking him to be present.

Questions piled thick and fast on his mind. Should he attend the ball? Who was going to be there? Would anyone recognize him? Why was he notified of the directors' meeting, and why was he asked to be present? Then he looked at the calendar,—ten days to get to New York and buy some decent clothes. He wrote his acceptance of the invitations, and the next day left for New York.

\* \* \*

At the ball, Duane appeared as a tall, good-looking man of between twenty-five and thirty years of age who desired to keep himself and spend most of his time in the smoking room with the men. Duane kept himself absolutely away from the ladies, and when his host chided him with being afraid of women, he answered, "I can't dance, and I am not much of a talker, so I would be a bore to any of them; and I guess they are just as well satisfied with my keeping away."

But Duane had been noticed more than he thought, and he had caused many a pretty head there to wonder why his eyes were so hard. Some laughed and jokingly said he was a woman-hater. Not until he was back in his room at the hotel without anyone's recognizing him did Duane breathe an easy breath.

At the directors' meeting, he was informed that he had been called there because the plans that he had drawn of a bridge, that was to be built across the Colorado river at a point near Yuma, Arizona, had been judged the best and that he was to be given charge of the construction.

Duane asked that his assistant should be the one to meet any visitors or inspectors that might come; that to the

people around Yuma this assistant should be the one in charge; and that the fact of Harold Duane's being there should not be known. Though these requests seemed strange, they were granted and in the light of later events it was shown that Duane couldn't be blamed.

\* \* \*

At the bridge he showed an extraordinary knowledge of the surrounding country that could not be gained in any way except that of daily contact for years. But he gave no explanation, and the others knew better than to ask him, though in the cabin at night when Duane was away, they often talked it over.

Duane shunned all visitors and never went into town, but often when the work was going well he would saddle his horse and ride off into the desert, the other side of the river.

The work went on rapidly because Duane had foreseen all hitches and had prepared for them.

One afternoon, while directing some men where to put in extra braces, Duane heard a call and, turning around, he saw standing on a knoll about a hundred yards distant a vision of loveliness—Spring, Youth, and Love incarnate, all incorporated in the slender body of a young lady of uncertain age. Suffice to say, she was under thirty and over sixteen. As she stood there on the knoll, the descending rays of the western sun outlined her body so that to Duane she appeared a goddess or a wood nymph or the queen of the fairies, before whom he should fall down and worship in the manner of the ancients.

Then she started down the knoll toward him, and he stood and watched her come, forgetting that he did not want to be seen, forgetting that it was a woman who four years before had caused that grey mask to grow on his face, had caused the hard look in his eyes, had

caused him to disappear from home and friends. As she walked toward him, he wondered who she was, why she was there alone, and why Ralph, his assistant, had not stopped her from coming down where he was. And then he remembered that Ralph had gone into town that day.

"Hello, Mr. Duane," called the vision.

"Why, hello," answered Duane. "But may I ask what you are doing here alone, twenty miles from town and night coming on? And how did you know my name?"

"One at a time, please," replied the vision. "First, I am not alone; Brother Ralph is back in camp with Mother, Dad, and Ralph's fiancée." Here she made a face. "And for as knowing your name, I made my brother tell me who was really in charge here because I know his shortcomings and that he hasn't brains enough to be the chief on such a large job as this; and I should think that he would make a very poor assistant."

"On the contrary, he makes a very good one and I should be lost without him."

"No, you wouldn't," said Miss Howard. "You just said that to be nice. You see I know my brother and of what he is capable." Then, as a curious look came into her eyes, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" she questioned.

"Not that I know of. At any rate I can say that I never saw *you* before. If I had, I am sure I couldn't have forgotten such a blessing. No, I don't think we were ever acquainted."

"I know we were not *acquainted*," replied Miss Howard, "but I do think I have seen you before, and yet I don't remember ever having heard of anybody by the name of Harold Duane—still—I have it! Your name is Harold Duane Starr. You graduated from Tech about five years ago and had a position with the Southern Construction Company.

"You were trusted with some very important papers which somehow disappeared. It was claimed that you sold them to a rival company. You were disgraced. When James Carrol was given your position, you disappeared."

A look of astonishment swept over Duane's face as he admitted the truth of her statements with a sinking heart. He added, "Now, you see why it is given out that your brother is the chief here."

"What! don't you know that your name has been cleared and your noble act had been known for over a year in Yuma?"

"They have found out what actually happened to the papers? They know the whole story?"

"Yes. About eighteen months ago James Carrol was taken sick and in his delirium he told the whole story of Marion Cartwright's duplicity, of his scheming, and of your noble attempt at keeping the shame from Marion's name."

"But how did you recognize me so quickly?" queried Duane.

"I saw a picture of you once, and just now I picked up this as I was walking down here." And she held up a little leather bill fold with the letters H. D. S. inscribed upon it.

Duane made a hasty movement and felt of his inside coat pocket for the bill fold he always kept there, but it was gone and this girl was holding it up for his inspection.

Laughing, she handed it to him. "Yes, you lost it and here it is."

All unnoticed by the two, it had grown dark and the workmen had gone back to camp.

"I think you had better be returning to camp or Ralph will think you are lost," said Duane at last.

"Aren't you coming, too?" asked Miss Howard. "I am afraid I shall not be able to find the way back, alone in the dark."

So Duane accompanied her, getting better acquainted every step until by the time they reached camp they were very well acquainted and felt almost like old friends.

When they reached camp, Duane met Ralph Howard's mother and father, and a little dark-eyed maid who, it was very evident, was much in love with Ralph. Duane at once liked Mrs. Howard. He had lost his own mother soon after he was born, and his father paid no attention to him, except to see that he had plenty of money and was kept away from him. After Duane became disgraced, his father had disowned him. Therefore it was only natural for Duane to like these two grey-haired parents of Ralph, to say nothing of a certain sister of Ralph's.

The Howards had planned to stay a

month anyway, but as the days and weeks passed they decided to remain until the bridge was finished.

When finally the bridge was formally opened and the first train passed over it, Duane noticed, but paid no attention to the fact that there was an extra car on the train that came into camp. On his return to camp, the necessity for the extra car was explained. In his cabin sat not only his father who had at last come to recognize that his son was a capable man, but many of his old friends who had come to celebrate his achievement as a builder and his subsequent return home.

So it was that the mystery of Duane was cleared up, and he found his friends, and in a short time—O—but that is another story.

—*Stuart Beal*, '20.

### MRS. JONES PREPARES FOR TOWN

Mrs. Jones was in a hurry. Nothing more need be said!

Yet, as you will see, Mrs. Jones found plenty to say to her ten-year-old son.

"Now, Tommie, you be sure and see that the chickens are fed at half past three, and tell Mamie to water the flower garden, as it is surely withering in the hot sun.

"Get me that button hook, Tom, and don't stand looking at me as though you were dumb.

"You might tell Mary, when she comes home, to wash the dishes and dust the parlor.

"That's a good boy, now fetch me my hat-pin over there on the shelf.

"Run and see if there is any mail before I go.—No, I guess the mail man didn't stop, so never mind.

"Now, Tommie, don't forget to tell the twins to change their new suits and their shoes," continued Mrs. Jones while she fussed with her hair.

By this time Tommie wished he had gone to school even if he did have a toothache.

"Say, Ma, can I go out with the fellows after school?"

"Now, Tommie, I have got to run for that train so don't bother me with questions. Oh dear me! I forgot about those silk gloves Mrs. Murphy is going to let me take. They are her second best, but I know I won't be able to see the best part of them. But run over for me, Tommie and besure and say 'Please'."

Tommie made a hurried exit, coming back in a few minutes with a pair of long silk gloves.

"Well, I declare," Mrs. Jones went on. "If I didn't almost forget about the old alarm clock I am going to take with me.

"Run upstairs and look on the bottom shelf in the closet."

After a hunt around upstairs Tommie decided he couldn't find it.

"Well, land sakes alive! You never

could help me when I was in a hurry."

"Aw, Ma, I don't know where your old clock is anyway," was all Tommie dared venture to say.

"Well, I think I am ready now. If I don't get home by five o'clock tell Mary to put on the potatoes for supper."

With this parting command Mrs. Jones said goodbye and started down the street.

"Whew!" whistled Tommie when his mother had gone, "Can't Ma talk fast!

"I wonder what she told me to tell the kids?"

—*Winifred Barnes*, '22.

## CLUBS OR DOUGHNUTS

"Well, I do declare! if there ain't Sister Ida acomin' up the street. What she wants t' come on Saturday mornin' for, I don't know. But then, I suppose she's t' be pitied gallivantin' 'round so with her everlastin' Woman's Club." The speaker heaved a sigh, cast a hasty glance at her apron, and rolled down her sleeves.

"Why, Sister Ida, how do you do? Come right in. You must excuse me—I'm in the midst of my Saturday mornin' bakin'. Got yours all done?"

"Good morning, Jane. No, thank you, I won't come in and you must remember, Jane, that with my numerous social duties, it is impossible for me to do cooking of any kind. I came over, Jane, to see if you would get Hiram's dinner? I'm lunching in town to-day with a prominent member of the Woman's Club."

"For the land's sake! You don't say! You're gettin' real stylish now, ain't you? Hmm. Sure, I'll be glad to get Hiram's dinner. Had any news from Joe lately?"

"I beg your pardon? Oh, Joseph? Why, yes, we received a letter yesterday. He said that he hoped to be home soon and that he was eager for some of my doughnuts. The poor boy doesn't understand that I would be positively worn out if I were to start to cook. But then, I am sure he will be amply compensated when he learns of my election as president of the Woman's Club. I'm really anxious to see the look of pride in his face. It's foolish in me, of course. Well, good morning, Jane, and thank you." Jane shook her head and mur-

mured, "Poor Joe! And poor Ida too! She's greatly mistaken in thinking that Joe would rather have her election than her doughnuts."

\* \* \*

A week later, a tall young fellow in a soldier's uniform dashed up the steps and into the house. "Hello there, Mother," he shouted. "I'm hungry for your doughnuts."

Ida rushed to meet him. "Oh, Joseph, Joseph!" she cried, "You're really home again."

"Yup, I'm home," the young fellow smiled, "and the first thing I'm going to do is to investigate your pantry. What's that? You're President of the Woman's Club? That's fine. Say, where do you keep your doughnuts?" He stuck his head out of the pantry with a perplexed air.

"Er, really, Joe," his mother started, "I haven't been—Oh, wait a minute!" And with this, she dashed out of the house, leaving Joe staring after her. A moment later, she was standing in Jane's doorway, talking excitedly.

"What did you say?" Jane asked, puzzled.

"Please, Jane, dear Jane, let me have a pan of doughnuts. Please! Joe's home and he wants them. I'm going to begin to fry some the minute I get home but he wants them now. Oh, thank you, thank you!"

Jane stared at the empty doorway and then chuckled softly, "Mmm," she said, "The Woman's Club had better look out."

—*Hazel E. Jackson*, '22.

## PIES AND PICKANINNIES

"Samuel George Washington Stonewall Jackson Pendleton, yo come heah," rang out a sharp voice from the region of savory smells.

"Comin', mammy," answered another noise from somewhere behind the barn. There was a sound of hasty shuffling and bustling and the scraping of a pie dish against gravel, and from around the corner of the barn came a small black imp of mischief, hastily wiping his face with a baggy sleeve of his father's cut-me-down coat. His eyes rolled innocently at the sight of the row of appetizing pies. Where there had recently been six, strange to say, only five remained.

"What yo want, mammy?" he asked, looking straight in the eye of his mammy, who was standing arms akimbo, in the middle of the floor.

"Pickaninny," she asked, accusingly, "where'd yo put dat pie?"

Sammy's heart suddenly felt down where sundry bits of pie had already found their way, but his eyes opened the wider and looked the more innocent.

"What pie?"

"Oh, yo lil black imp o'mischief, yes, yo lemme catch hol' o' yo and yo'll get de wors' strappin' yo ever got."

But suddenly the calves of a pair of black little legs were all that were visible of Sammy, who, with a fearful premonition, had bolted thru the open kitchen door.

Two minutes later, mammy heard a wild shriek of despair, then the thud of a

falling body and a crashing noise very like that of breaking eggs.

She went running to the spot and stopped short at the sight of a very buxom negress, sitting on the gravel path, with hat askew, and a basket—or what has been a basket—of eggs turned topsy turvey, and a black pair of legs, streaked with the yolk of egg, sticking out of it.

The negress slowly and painfully raised herself, and wrathfully strode to the basket and lifted Sammy by one ear from the profusion of eggshells and liquid.

Then Sammy received a few resounding whacks on the seat of his worn out pants and went howling to the back of the barn, where he sought consolation in his secret cave under the barn. When he had gotten his breath he drew forth a much battered pie, covered with cobwebs, from the cave. Breaking off a large piece, he started eating it, nursing his troubles and grievances the while.

Just as the last piece was being sent to its doom mammy came stalking round the corner and stood in front of poor Sammy, arms akimbo.

"Samuel George Washington Stonewall Jackson Pendleton, yo go fill dat wood box and den yo march straight to bed."

"Y-yes'm, mammy," answered the culprit as he chokingly swallowed the last piece of pie, and guiltily rose to do as he was bid. At least he had had his feast.

—E. Pyyny, '22.

## FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN SILVER

"Shiver my timbers! 'Tis a terrible night to be travelling in, but I must get me back to the missus. What time did you say the stage would be here? Umm, yes, I'll take another glass of ale. Sort of keeps me warm, you know. Ah, and

here is the coach itself that goes to Cornwall. By the powers; I nearly forgot my bags in my haste!" So saying, John Silver hopped towards his luggage and hopped to the coach. There were not many travellers this stormy night, so

Silver was able to think over his past. The good days when he made voyages with England and Capt. Flint, and his last and most exciting adventure when he sailed under the command of Capt. Smalley. Indeed he could never forget faithful Jim, the cabin boy, who listened to his stories with wide eyes, and fought like a man when Silver and his men started a mutiny. And oh! the hunt for Flint's money when they reached Treasure Island! His disappointment on finding no money played an important part also in the thoughts of Silver. "Well," he chuckled, "when Dr. Livesy and the rest found the money and they all got their share, there was no reason why I could not get mine." He chuckled again and slapped his knee in full satisfaction. And the cause of it all was a sack of gold beside him.

Two weeks before, when Silver was on the ship with Dr. Livesy, Jim and Ben Gunn, the doctor suggested a short tour through the next stopping place. When all were supposed to be off, Silver sneaked back, and knowing just where the gold lay, he went quickly to it and with a heavy sack over his shoulder, he left the ship.

"And the missus," he went on, "won't she be happy when she learns she is to be ri—ow!"

A nut on one of the wheels of the coach had come off and the wheel was following suit. The result was that Silver found himself on his back, swearing as only the Prince of Pirates could swear. By some instinct he held the bag of gold in his grip. Muttering oaths under his breath, he hopped out of the stage. The Driver explained that he would have to lead the horses back to the nearest stable and leave the coach to be repaired in the morning.

Meantime the wind howled and

shrieked. It was snowing and hailing, and the hail hit Silver in the face, half blinding him. It seemed as though he never would reach home if he didn't mutter and swear, for he did so from the minute the accident occurred until he reached his own door. Nevertheless, his oaths did not seem to improve the weather.

As he fought his way home against the blinding storm, he suddenly stumbled and fell over a lifeless heap, landing with his face deep in the snow. His feet struck against something that made a jingling sound like that of money. The only word that would describe the emotion of Silver's heart would be that it jingled also. Without any hesitation he picked up the bags and the night being too dark for him to see whose body it was, he started on his way. This time his mumbled oaths were mingled with evil chuckles of satisfaction.

\* \* \*

Many months have passed and summer in all its glory is here. It is quiet and peaceful in Cornwall. In a comfortable armchair on the porch of an old fashioned cottage, on a cliff overlooking the sea, sits Silver, with a contented, dreamy expression on his weatherworn face. As he gazes out on the deep, green waters he sees, gliding along, an old ship which brings back to him pleasant memories of his pirate days. Silver is not alone in this picture, for perched up in a cage, extended from the porch ceiling, sits his blinking parrot. Silver looks up at the parrot and says, "Ah, Flint, old boy, my pirate days are over but I shall have you to remind me of my former years, and, old scout, your days to come will be happy ones, so dream away, lazy one." And from the parrot, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

—*Rosabell Paris*, 1923.

## TOLD BY THE CAMP-FIRE

The wind sighed gently through the pine grove; shadows cast by the fire danced hither and yon, like grotesque forms; above a silvery crescent threw wan, pale beams to earth, and a few stars dotted the cool blue bowl of the sky. In the near-by pine an owl hooted; little woodland animals peered from trees and underbrush, trying to fathom this trespassing. Still no one spoke.

So I was back again in my native state! It was in September of 1945 after twenty-five busy, happy, yet slightly home-sick years, and I was once more in Maine, the Pine Tree State. Finding my little home town so changed, I had taken a party of friends and, with an old native as guide, found a place still unchanged,—the northern shore of the Penobscot river. For three happy, blessed days I had forgotten all affairs of business and with my girlhood pals dwelt once more in blissful Arcady. To-night no one seemed conversationally inclined. I sat between the two girls with whom I had shared my girlish joys and sorrows. Ah! was it twenty-five years since last we met? In my eyes they were still girls.

A sudden, persistent hoot from that owl awakened our guide with a start. He glanced through his bushy eyebrows, then settling comfortably on his blanket said, "I've jest been thinkin' 'bout old times. Us here together has kinder turned back my mind. Ye know, I kin remember when you gals was little tow-headed tods." Here he stopped with a far-away look in his faded old eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Perkins, do tell us something to cheer us up," I pleaded, for I felt sorely in need of some cheering influence.

"Well, what I was thinkin' of was way back in 1919 when hobble skirts, flivvers, and that wiggly jazz stuff was pop'lar."

The firelight played on his aged face, revealing a jovial smile.

"I begun to think o' getting a second wife an' o' course I didn't want no old hen; in fact, I wanted a chicken. They was plenty of 'em in the village so I starts plannin' a conquest. I gets my eye on a young grass widder, a real chicken, with hair which became blond on very short notice, hobble skirts, three inch heels, an' a drug store complexion. She shore knew how to mix paints, did that un. Oh, I nigh forgot to mention the crittur's eyes. They was big an' innercent, jest the color o' this here sky to-night,—and oh, how she could wobble 'em."

A gale of laughter now rose from the group about the fire.

"A real baby vamp," came from some one. "We used to have those things back in '19."

"The first fool thing I does is to get one o' them things invented by Henry Ford for the destruction o' the human race," continued old Perkins. "I'd hern say if anything could get a fella a gal, it was a flivver. You know the sayin', 'There's no fool like an old fool.' Well, that was me all over. Here I was most forty-five, crazy over a widder which was considered young, an' doin' every fool thing possible. But as I was sayin', I bought the Ford. I had rode considerable with a fellä in his'n an' I jest knew I could drive without no trouble.

"Well, in due time the thing arrived, steered by a man so fat he looked like a elephant in a baby carriage. He got his money and waddled off leavin' me feelin' the animal over to see if she is spavined.

"Dreamin' of a sweet pink an' white face, I cranked the blamed thing, which ain't no job atall if you know how, which I didn't. Howsomever, I got it hummin' an' still thinkin' o' Delicia I jumped to

the wheel. It's nothin' atall to get one o' these here locomobiles goin' if you know what brakes to step on, but as much as I knew about horses I couldn't make the thing move. After some hot words an' decided actions, my heart jumps wildly as I feel it start."

There was a pause now. The man, after twenty-five years, still found humor in his foolish experience. We waited, almost breathless.

"As Ma's flower patch was direct in front o' my beast o' burden there was nothin' to do but letter go, which I did. You kin imagine what was left o' Ma's sweet peas and nasturtiums! In my heart there was jest one thought,—how do I stop the thing? Over a broad meadow and into a corn field went my flivver, me hatless and coatless tryin' to stop her. For some unheard of reason, the pesky Ford took to the highway. Mis' Black's white hens was in the road o' course, an' ye oughter seen 'em scatter. In every winder o' every house was at least one person; men in the hay fields stopped work to look. Jes' the same they had to hand it to me for speed.

"By this time things were gettin' serious. I'd gotter run up against some-

thin' soon. At this instant I sees a form at the bottom o' the hill. It was fat an' roun' an' ploddin'. Instant I recognizes it as the man who brung me that offspring of Henry Ford. 'Ef I kin grab him he may stop this ding-busted varmint', thinks I. So as I speeds along, I jest grabs him by the collar only to loose hold an' drop him again, face downward. Leavin' the man, or rather fat piece o' humanity, to shift fer hisself my machine goes on.

"Who was the poet who said, 'And here is another turn in the road' and so forth? Well anyway I comes to one at this time. My car wasn't simply fol-lerin' the road; it was goin' in a straight line, come what might. It happened that by the road was a stone wall and there stopped the prodigal Ford.

"Exhausted, I fell into the seat moppin' my face. Suddenly I hears a auto approachin'. Up the dusty road comes a big grey roadster. As she draws nearer I sees the objec' o' my dreams settin' with a army lieutenant. Heaven was just when it made them look at each other instead o' at me.

"After that I left Fords an' grass widders be."

—*Therese Dunbar*, '20.

\* \* \*

## THE SCAR

After Major Prescott passed from this world to the next, there was little for which his young son could be happy. In fact, all the father left was a few hundred thousand dollars and the Prescott "Mansion." No wonder Edmund's childhood was an unhappy one. He envied the other little boys (with whom he was not allowed to play) and vowed that some day he would run away and do just as he pleased.

When Edmund was in the early twenties, he entered a New York col-

lege. Here he made the acquaintance of an honest, upright young man, namely, Allan Richards. There was a great deal of difference between the two young men. Richards was not strong and, therefore, could not participate in the outdoor sports in which the wild nature of his chum delighted. Nevertheless, their love for each other was sincere and earnest; and the influence which Allan had over Edmund was remarkable. Indeed, it was this friendship and influence that kept the latter from getting

lost among the bright lights of Broadway; for the longing for freedom had never left him. Many times he refused to attend midnight parties only because his faithful "pal" persuaded him to do so.

This strong friendship lasted for more than four years and ended only when Allan died from a shock his weak heart could not withstand. His untimely death proved a severe blow to Edmund who was loved, and had loved for the first time in his life. Now, his last and only true friend was gone.

Thus, friendless in the great city, with no home but the cheerless "Mansion," he wandered *down* the path of life. Like many, many others, he discovered that it was much easier to go down than to come up. He tried to forget the death of his friend by indulging in both drugs and strong drink, but this only served to pull him lower and lower. He became a constant visitor in the "High Life Café," and other places of low character.

One night he was at the above mentioned hotel eating and drinking with two chorus girls, who were so intoxicated they hardly knew what they were saying, when his merriment was interrupted by the sound of a highly refined voice. Looking up, he beheld a woman very heavily veiled. "Mr. Prescott, you do not belong here. Why are you letting your good family name fall to the dust? Get away from these silly, painted dolls and become of some use to the world."

One of the "dolls," noticing Prescott's sobered countenance, said in a baby voice, "Eddie dear, are you going to let her insult us like that?" The young man staggered to his feet, lifted his glass of wine, and, with all his strength, threw it into the face of her who had come to help him. The woman gave one cry and ran to the door.

\* \* \*

Six months later Edmund Prescott felt, for the first time in his life, what it was to be penniless. To be sure, he

still had the "Mansion," for there was a speck of pride left, even now. He was completely discouraged, both with himself and the world in general. What was there in life worth living, anyway? He walked to a secluded corner of the park and pulled a revolver from his pocket. Just as he was about to bid adieu to the world, a hand grasped the weapon. It was quite dark, but he could distinguish the calm face of a young woman, "Be a man," she whispered. "Don't give up so easily."

He was so surprised that for a second he lost his power of speech. "If you are out of work," she continued, "come with me and you can work on my war garden. Laborers are awfully scarce, you know."

He allowed himself to be led by the young woman to a car waiting nearby. What was going to happen next? Little did he care. Wasn't he ready to end it all only a few minutes ago? Nothing mattered now. The car stopped in front of a large farmhouse. The girl ran to an elderly woman standing on the steps. "Mother, here is a young man who, I believe, is out of work. Please see that he is given enough to do."

During the weeks that followed, Prescott seemed to profit by his sudden transplanting. He thought a great deal about the girl who had saved his life and wished he could see more of her.

June Parker, however, was so engaged in war work that she paid little attention to her new employee. In fact, she had never seen him face to face, since the night he was employed.

For the first time in his life, Edmund worked hard and willingly. Many a time he would pause in his work and murmur, "She is just the kind of a girl I could love, but she wouldn't even think of being a friend to a fellow with a past like mine."

One day while Edmund was coming from the "fields" he met June. How beautiful and lovely she was! He gasped as he noticed the left side of her face.

It was cruelly scarred. What a pity that such beauty should be thus ruined! Then he wished for the hundredth time, since he became a farmer, that he had led a better life. What difference would the scar make? But it was now too late! too late!

He walked up to Jim, his fellow workman, and inquired about the scar on Miss Parker's face. "Well! it's a long story," replied Jim, "but I'll try to make it short. One night, about two years ago, Miss Parker heard that a certain young man (she won't give his name) was living the wrong kind of a life, and she, the good angel that she is, went to him and tried to persuade him to turn over a new leaf. For her kindness the dirty brute (that's just what he is, and if I could only get a hold o' him I'd break his dirty neck!), well, he went and hit her in the face with a glass of wine. Now she will be marked for life."

Edmund felt a cold chill go through him. All at once a faint recollection of that horrid night at the Café came over him. Weak and faint, he stumbled to his room.

For two weeks he lay very sick, faithfully nursed by Mrs. Parker and her daughter. During the days of his convalescence he refused to see anyone, especially June. He resolved to go away and see her no more. If—if he could only make good, probably—probably—

\* \* \* \* \*

A year later the "New York Times" published the following: "Lieut. Edmund Prescott---Killed in Action." There

\* \* \*

Teacher: "What kind of a tree is there around here that lives on air and water?"

Pupil: "Braintree."

\* \* \*

Heard in English:—

All birds have wings.

The man is a jail bird.

The man has wings.

were very few to mourn his loss. Possibly his comrades in France would remember him, but that was all or *was* it all?

One evening, some time later, June was seated on the veranda of her country home, knitting socks for the soldiers. (Her whole time was devoted to some form of war work.) As she looked up from her work, she saw an officer coming up the path. Soldiers were not unusual visitors at the Parker home, but why did her sober face suddenly lighten? Why did she drop her work and run down the path? Why? because the one-armed officer who was proudly walking up the path was—Lieut. Edmund Prescott.

"Edmund!"

"June!" he cried, "I've come back to explain, but where—where is the scar?"

"It is I who should explain," she replied. "I promised my cousin, Allan Richards, that I would be a sister to you."

"Nothing else?" he interrupted.

"Please wait until I have finished. I have tried to keep my promise. If you had been in your right senses that night you would have known that the glass went past me and that the scar that was on my face was put there purposely to bring you to your *right* senses. It certainly did work."

"Thank God, that scar is gone. It was the only thing that seemed to mar our future happiness. Now with that scar off your face and mine off my heart, and if you have no objections to a one-armed husband, let's begin life all over again."—*Margaret M. Johnson*, '20.

Pupil: (trying to transcribe a word in shorthand) "This word has something to do with water."

Low voice: "Slush."

\* \* \*

Our Senior class should surpass all others, past and future, with Shyne, Best, and a couple of Goldenes in it.

## TO OUR FOOTBALL HEROES OF 1919

Listen, my children, and you shall hear,  
A tale of our football heroes dear,  
Who've labored and struggled the whole season long,  
And surely are worthy of this humble song.  
First the captain, Don Bennett is he,  
The tall youth who plays at left tackle, you see.  
Right tackle is played by a fellow named Jack,  
You all know it's Wentworth; we'll not stop for that;  
Next there is Davis, we all call him "Hap,"  
You never will catch him taking a nap;  
Then too we have Leavitt, who's sometimes called "Larry"  
He can tear through a line like the very "Old Harry,"  
He was injured somewhat the first of the season,  
And was out of the line-up for just that reason.  
Another one whom we here wish to mention,  
Is a lad who vindicates every contention;  
The one whom we speak of is great "Stonewall" Jackson,  
When he's in a game there is plenty of action.  
Mullarkey also deserves a place here,  
But there's nothing to rhyme with his name that's so queer.  
At the pivot position plays Carter or "Robby,"  
The latter's head gear is always on "lobby."  
Jenkins and Young are two blood-thirsty ends,  
And either one backward an end-run bends.  
Carl Hokenson is another end too,  
He was manager also I s'pose you all knew.  
Oh where shall we put Curtis, Lindsay, and Gould,  
Who so many times our opponents have fooled?  
Three guards are Houlihan, Fitton, and Hannon,  
The latter can kick like a shot from a cannon,  
Three more guards are Vallee, Holden, and Shaw,  
We has six 'stead of two,—we don't know what for!  
In this ballad let us not forget all the scrubs,  
Who've taken so many hard wallops and rubs  
And who've given their best for the good of the team,  
Without a murmur or symptom of spleen.  
And last but not least, as the old saying goes,  
Are those who have taught the team all that it knows.  
Messrs. Green and Ball have helped keep the works goin',  
By helping the coach and by gathering coin.  
And here's to THE ONLY coach, Mitchell, himself!  
Who looks after players when they're laid on the shelf,  
And who gives of his time and money and knowledge,  
To make up a team that could lick one from college.  
Of course, many trials and setbacks ensue,  
But not even once has he ever looked blue;

And tho' there're dissensions and troubles galore,  
 He's always stiff lipped, and is ready for more.  
 He has built up a team of which to be proud,  
 And his praises we'll sing both long and loud.  
 I have written these lines with the best of intention,  
 And thank you, dear reader, for your kind attention,  
 I'll excuse myself now with a graceful adieu,  
 And sign as my name a

"RUBE, '22."

—*Elford Durgan, '22.*

\* \* \*

### THE ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS OF A CERTAIN IN- QUISITIVE SENIOR

What makes Bennett so tall?  
 His height of course. (And they  
 shoot men like Lincoln.)  
 Why F. Wilson can't keep still?  
 I think she must have woolen under-  
 wear.  
 What makes W. Couch so busy?  
 If he brings home a report that isn't  
 all E's, he'll get a licking.  
 What makes E. Hart so short?  
 We're all a bit "short" after Christmas  
 and New Year's.  
 How Jackson recovered so quickly  
 November 12?  
 Ask Miss Jones, at the office.  
 What makes E. Shyne so happy?  
 Who wouldn't be happy, when, like a  
 bear, they're all set for winter.  
 What or who affects G. Jenkins that  
 way?  
 Maybe there is a connection between  
 Shyne's happiness and her actions.  
 Why Young looks so sad?  
 Because looks are deceiving.  
 What makes Carter so quiet?  
 It isn't that he's so quiet, the rest are  
 so noisy.  
 Why J. Russell so often mismates his  
 socks?  
 Maybe he has a brother, if not, I fear  
 John's socks are mismates.  
 Why Lundin is interested in French?  
 Who's his teacher?

If J. Lane is aspiring to be a poet?  
 No. He realizes he hasn't the right  
 kind of hair.  
 Why W. Middleton blushes in "Math"?  
 Have you noticed the study pupils, or  
 rather, one of them?  
 What interests our girls in Room 32?  
 Ask Lillian Ordway. Maybe it's the  
 view from the windows.  
 Why our Literary Editor looks so sad  
 before the pub. of the Golden Rod?  
 She realizes what she's inflicting on us.  
 But if that is inflicting anything on  
 us, well, we're bears for punishment.  
 Why Kennedy parts his hair in the  
 middle?  
 He has a cowlick on each side.  
 If Crowell likes to have his name mis-  
 pronounced?  
 In classes he doesn't want it pro-  
 nounced at all.  
 What Freshmen think they don't know?  
 Nothing, but the teachers soon prove  
 otherwise, that's why the Seniors  
 are so unostentatious.  
 Where our school spirit has gone and if  
 we'll ever recover it?  
 I guess it went to war and never re-  
 turned, but we've another school  
 spirit and it's developing into a bet-  
 ter one than the preceding.  
 —*By another Senior.*

## CUBAN TEA

"Oh, dear, I do wish that tiresome storeboy would come. Why, it's almost two o'clock, and the Ladies' Club are due any minute. There will be no end of the tales that will go around about the 'new bride,' if I don't serve tea. Mary, has the boy come yet? No? What shall I do, Mary? Can't you think of a thing? I don't dare *borrow* any. Cider? Did you say? Yes, just the thing! We'll have cider, and Mary, you might warm it just a little to make it seem a *little* like tea. Hurry, Mary, here comes Mrs. Andrews; she's *always* early. How do you do, Mrs. Andrews? Come right in. Yes, it is very cold. How is little Percival? Better? That's fine! Just sit down there, Mrs. Andrews. Oh, here are the rest of the ladies. How do you do? So glad that you all could come. Now are we all here? Mary, oh Mary, bring in the Cuban tea, please. Yes,

ladies, I thought you would like to be the first to try it. You know I've just returned from Cuba and brought back this delicious tea with me. Mary, give Mrs. Chambers some more tea. (Aside) Goodness, she's had two cups and is asking for more!—What is it, Mrs. Gooding? Can you dance? Why, certainly, I'm sure we'd all be delighted. Miss Lawrence, *please* don't sing, you do make my head ache so! Must you go, ladies? Mrs. Hovey, that isn't your hat, it's my sofa pillow. Here, Mrs. Andrews, please don't put my cat around your neck, he isn't your fur piece. Why, Mrs. Chambers, that's my husband's silk hat! Oh, will somebody take Miss Anderson home. She's walking straight into the telephone post. Oh, dear, what do you suppose makes them all like that?"

—Katherine Bean, '20.

\* \* \*

## ENGLISH C2B

Helfrich is the first I take,  
Tall and thin and quiet.  
He has black hair and dark brown eyes,  
You'd surely think him wondrous wise.

Next comes Gurney, bright and smart,  
Awfully cute,—bless his heart!  
He works and works from morn till noon,  
He'll be in college very soon.

Now we come to a little dude,  
In Latin we call him "Liberius" Rood.  
He likes to play and also fool  
They say he just adores his school.

About young Wendelin next I tell,  
Of course we like him very well;  
I don't know but it seems to me  
A great ball player he will be.

Another chap we all know well  
Is Herbert Berman, stout and swell,

He sits up front in all his classes  
And watches all the pretty lasses.

A very quiet boy is Reed,  
He's also very smart indeed;  
His last report read three big E's  
And, no doubt, some nice fat G's.

Now I'll tell of the tallest one,  
He is Mr. Whitton's son,  
A youth of many words is he,  
Somebody's husband soon he'll be.

Next, Miss Swingle, so sweet and fair,  
With dark brown eyes and braided hair—  
I'll tell you what, from the very start  
She surely has won someone's heart.

Cohen so smart and yet so small,  
Really, the cleverest of us all,  
Gets his E in every test,  
And makes us think it not his best.

Now Pactovis, full of glee,  
A stout old doctor he will be.  
Some day he'll visit you and me,  
Remember this, and wait and see.

One that everybody knows  
Is the Schenkelberger boy,  
He laughs and fools and often shirks,  
But he's always full of joy.

The next may be no writer,  
Nor will he be a tailor;  
He may never join the Navy,  
But he'll always be a Saylor.

Olson is, as Olsons are,  
A bright and brilliant Quincy star,  
He knows his Latin from A to Z  
And in his dreams he sees an E.

I must not forget Miss Ricker,  
Modesty she shows.  
But she's just like other women,  
She puts powder on her nose.

These words are for fun  
No offense should be taken,  
A joke for the class,  
Not one was forgotten.

—George Saylor, '23.

\* \* \*

#### IT'S A GREAT LIFE IF—

Between the coal and the sugar  
What shall the poor people do?  
The prices are growing bigger,  
And the quantities getting few.

We get all kinds of prices  
And all kinds of sugar, too,  
And Mr. Profiteerer,  
We blame this all to you.

You sometimes read in the papers  
"A million pounds to-day."  
And when you look to see where it is,  
It's a thousand miles away.

"Do you think, my friend Consumer,  
Because you have scaled my wall  
That I, Old Profiteerer,  
Am not a match for you all?"

"There is sugar in my storehouse;  
There is coal in the boats in the bay,  
And there I shall continue to keep it  
Till my prices you will pay."

—Bernard Manning, '22.

\* \* \*

#### OUT O' LUCK

*With an apology to my readers for the  
slang used herein.*

When your head is feeling solid  
As tho' made of hardest pine  
And of all the brains you once had  
There is not the slightest sign;  
When your senses all are scattered  
And your histr'y's on the bum;  
When you're asked an English question  
And your head begins to hum;  
When trying to look wide awake  
And you find that you are stuck,  
Then I tell you, friends and schoolmates,  
Then—I say—you're out o' luck.

—Therese Dunbar, '20.

## A DAY'S ADVENTURE

One day, last summer, as I was out for a spin in my aeroplane, my motor stopped, and I was forced, by the law of gravity, to descend. I picked out a suitable landing spot and "dropped in" as you might say, on a town, which I found to be Strawville. Finding that it would take several hours to have the blacksmith weld a broken rod together, I set out to give the town the "once over."

The history of the town I learned from a few relics, who were artistically draped on the railing of the general store.

Strawville was discovered in 1829 A. D. by some explorers. They made haste to vacate that undesirable region, but one broke his leg in the general rush, so they had to build a cabin to stay in until the invalid's leg was well. Later, other people passed by, saw the cabin; one moved in, others built houses, and thus the world was enriched (?) by the presence of Strawville, so called because the name of the man who was hurt was "Straw."

This history being sufficient for my fertile brain, I departed to see the wonders of the town, upon which I will elucidate in the order of their importance.

First comes Mrs. Sproul's boarding house. Although the delicatessen of the latter place is neither nectar nor ambrosia, still, among the voters (men of course) it ranks first.

It was built in 1872, and in the opinion of most of its patrons, has not yet used up the stock of bread, eggs, vegetables, canned goods, etc., laid in then.

The most frequent items on the menu are hash, beans, and apple pies like mother used to make (perhaps she did make them, but oh! how time has changed their tastes!). The grub usually eaten is anything but these three, hence their constancy.

The second floor of this sumptuous and spacious apartment house is used by those mortals who have no other place to sleep, and therefore, having Hobson's choice, go to Mrs. Sproul's.

The second place of importance is the railroad station, without which Strawville would never be known. Thither congregate the male population of Strawvill at 10:30 A. M. and 4:28 P. M. to witness the visits of the east and west-bound trains. These sojourn in Strawville for two or three seconds, just long enough for the baggage man to give the postmaster the mail.

The third place of interest is the combination fire station, theater, church, and jail, otherwise known as the Town Hall. The first floor of this edifice is occupied as the "Neverspout," an ancient hand tub, equipped with up-to-date leather buckets and bed wrenches.

The theater is on the second floor, where such masterpieces as "Samantha of Saratoga" are given monthly, with a cast recruited from Strawville. This room, every Sunday, is converted into a church by the appearance of Rev. Hopkins, Deacon Spidderkins, and the Strawville male choir, also recruited from Strawville. This room is also used as a meeting place for Selectmen Hopkins, Sproul, and Spidderkins.

The basement of this highly imposing structure serves as a town jail, last used when a certain resident investigated the contents of a barrel marked "Cider" both internally and externally.

The fourth place of importance is Spidderkins' general store, which further explored can be called a grocery, meat market, dry and wet goods store, a blacksmithery; and with a postoffice as a side issue, in which the daily mail is inspected, digested, and censored. Perhaps this is why Mrs. Spidderkins is sometimes re-

ferred to as the "Autobiography of Strawville." A very slight hint starts the history from 1829 to whatever year it may be when the victim escapes.

Then skipping the next twenty-three houses of importance, which it would be difficult to classify without raising twenty-two rows, we arrive at the twenty-eighth, "The Little Red Schoolhouse" which, in the minds of the younger members of the population, undoubtedly deserves last place. In it many generations of Hopkins, Spidderkins, Sprouls, etc., have studied, digested, and thoroughly misunderstood the uses of the comma; have chased the elusive X through all its deviations, and have misspelled word after word. In

fact, it has been a place where literary genius blossomed forth like cactus in Alaska.

The teacher, Miss Emma Spriggs, is often pointed to with pride by the inhabitants, as one of the town's relics, for no one can remember when she was a girl.

After acquiring all this information I turned my steps towards Spidderkins' and received my rod; but how changed it was, and how changeless my pockets became. I replaced the rod, saw that the motor worked, and then took off, leaving behind me a sea of gaping faces and \$6.89.

—Arthur Whitehead, '21.

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## ON THE TRAIL OF DON QUIXOTE

(A Book Report)

In this travel book, "On the Trail of Don Quixote," August Jaccaci presents to the reader a quaint and picturesque description of the people, sites, and ruins which he encounters during a trip through the old Spanish province of La Mancha.

The author's chief interest is to visit and investigate the places in which many of the adventures of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance took place. Across the broad plateaus, sandy and desolate

in their barren and rugged beauty, over mountains, and through the vineyard country, one is taken with the author, in a small, two-wheeled cart, which bumps along in a most uncomfortable way.

The book is most interesting throughout and describes vividly the sights and ruins which still remain, even in the nineteenth century.

—Dorothy Cole, '20.

\* \* \*

Jeness: (after a long argument by G. Paris) "I move the class agree with Paris and proceed to the next point in the day's recitation."

\* \* \*

Vallee: "What have you in the locket on your watch fob?"

Goodhue: "A lock of my father's hair"

Vallee: "But your father is still alive."

Goodhue: "Yes, but his hair is all gone."

\* \* \*

Teacher: "I want so see you get a G in this exam, young man."

Shyne: "So do I. Let's pull together."

Hughes: (when the bell is five minutes late in ringing at the close of school) "Those clocks are working for the Company."

\* \* \*

Latin is a language dead,

As dead as it can be,

It killed the ancient Romans

And now it's killing me.

\* \* \*

La Croix (to manager): "There's two men on our team that are no good."

Manager: "That so, who's the other one?"

## School News

### DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society met on December 11, at 7:30, with Mr. Shyne presiding. The question discussed was: Resolved, That the Plumb Plan is superior to the Cummings Railroad Plan. Ruggles, Holden, and Jenness upheld the affirmative with Haskell, Rogers, and Couch as opponents. The debate was one of the best given this season, with fine delivery on each side. The decision was in favor of the negative. Mr. Couch was unanimously elected best speaker. John Beale was then elected to the Club. Fitton was given a vote of thanks for his successful work as business manager of the Cambridge-Quincy debate. After a very hot discussion the following motion was passed: That the president appoint a committee of two besides himself to make preparations for the annual Debating Society entertainment. The meeting adjourned at 9:30.

On Jan. 13, the Debating Society met in Room 23. Mr. Clarence Lundin, who spent many months on submarine chasers and mine sweepers, gave an interesting talk on his war experiences. He then answered many questions asked by the members. The meeting adjourned at 10:00.

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### THALIA CLUB

The Thalia Club met on January 12 with Miss Campbell presiding. Miss Jenkins gave the members basket-ball tickets to sell. The question of having a sleigh ride was considered. After a lengthy discussion no conclusion was reached.

\* \* \*

### GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club meets every Tuesday for a pleasant hour under the direction of Miss Howes.

We are waiting expectantly for the annual public concert of the Club.

### ORCHESTRA

Don't forget for a minute what a fine orchestra we have. If you heard them play at the Francis Parker School, Jan. 14, you probably wondered where all the talent comes from.

\* \* \*

### LATIN CLUB

The Latin Club met for the first time this year on Jan 7, with Miss Cole presiding. It was decided, after a long discussion, that the Club should be more of a literary and less of a social nature. With this idea in view a committee was chosen to revise the Constitution of the Club.

\* \* \*

### COMMERCIAL CLUB

With Miss Vaile as faculty adviser, the Senior Commercial students have started a Club which will soon equal or surpass every similar organization in the school. The purpose of this Club is primarily to supplement the daily work of the students. The idea is to give them a chance to learn much which a lack of time will not permit them to get in school time. At the last meeting a committee was elected to nominate officers.

\* \* \*

### ASSEMBLIES

On Monday, December 8, Messrs. Couch and Fitton spoke in behalf of the *Golden Rod*. Mr. Couch showed that the cost of the paper was not beyond the means of anyone and that as a matter of school spirit it is the duty of each pupil to purchase a copy. Mr. Fitton asked for contributions of a literary nature and said that all criticism will be welcome.

A very pleasant entertainment was provided at the Monday morning assembly on December 29. Arnold Haskell, chairman of the "Honor Roll" committee, made a spirited plea for money to purchase a fitting memorial to all enlisted

men who ever attended the school. Mr. Paul Blackmur, recently returned from France, gave an account of his war experiences. His talk was interesting, instructive, and humorous. The thanks of the pupils were well expressed by the long applause which followed his address.

On Jan. 16, Mr. Collins called all the classes to the hall at the beginning of the 6th period for the presentation of a Pathoscope picture of Treasure Island. Although the lighting conditions were not the best, the picture was greatly enjoyed.

\* \* \*

#### SENIOR CLASS

At the Jan. 2d meeting of the Senior Class, Lindsay and Jackson were chosen to represent the Class in the School Athletic Council. The following Dramatic Committee was elected: Messrs. Horrigan, Fitton, and Misses Cole, Cleale, and Johnson.

\* \* \*

#### FOOTBALL RECEPTION

The Junior and Senior classes gave a reception to the football players on December 19. The presentation of the Q's by Mrs. Collins and stereopticon views of the players by Mr. Ball were the features of the evening. Dancing and refreshments were enjoyed by all.

\* \* \*

#### CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

Through the efforts of a committee from the English Department, assisted

by other departments of the school, a pageant representing "Christmas in Old England" was given before the school on the day preceding the Christmas vacation. The first scene considered the arrival of the guests on Christmas Eve; the second scene, The Christmas Dinner, represented an old fashioned English Christmas Dinner. Dancing and singing played an important part. Miss Eleanor Collins and John Barr were the favorites of the affair. The cast:

|                    |                            |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| The Squire         | <i>J. Beale</i>            |
| His Wife           | <i>M. Whitton</i>          |
| Their Son          | <i>J. Laing</i>            |
| The Maiden Aunt    | <i>A. Lyons</i>            |
| The Parson         | <i>J. Wentworth</i>        |
| Master Simon       | <i>I. Jackson</i>          |
| Julia              | <i>M. Nelson</i>           |
| Her Mother         | <i>M. Johnson</i>          |
| Vivacious Thirteen | <i>A. Brown</i>            |
| Her Mother         | <i>H. Thomas</i>           |
| Children           | <i>E. Collins, J. Barr</i> |
| Butler             | <i>G. Cook</i>             |
| Servants           | <i>Averson and Barstow</i> |

The School Art Department deserves the highest praise for its untiring efforts in preparing advertisements for all school activities. The entire school wishes to express its thanks both to Miss Bushnell and to those pupils who have assisted in this work.

*Edward Shyne,*  
*News Editor.*

\* \* \*

#### THE CHASING OF THE GREEN

What's all this noise upon the stairs?  
This trotting up and down?  
We never had such doings here  
'Till SOMEONE came to town.  
What's struck the girls at Quincy High?  
Such things we've never seen  
Sure! They'll hear from Mr. Collins  
For the Chasing of the Green.

Mr. Thomas: "The line of civilization is along the 45° North Latitude."

Lindsay: "Is that near here?"

\* \* \*

#### OLD STUFF!

Miss Page: "Dodge, give the 3rd person singular, future of 'capio'."

Dodge: "Capit."

Miss Page: (correcting) "Capiet."

Dodge: "Oh ya, that's what I meant."

## Alumni Notes

1909

The engagement of Nettie Pote and Edward Lee Brooks has recently been announced. Miss Pote is employed by the United Fruit Company at Brockton and Mr. Brooks is working at the Boylston National Bank, having served overseas in the 82nd Division.

1914

Did you know that Miss Jones of the High School office is a graduate of Q. H. S.? Didn't know we could produce such fine material, did you?

Charles Mullen, one of Quincy's best athletes, has further distinguished himself at Tufts by winning the championship title and the Crocker trophy in tennis. "Mul" is one of the most popular men in the college, being secretary of his class and a member of the honorary societies of Ivy and Tower Cross. He is also a member of the Sigma Tau Alpha Fraternity.

1916

Elizabeth Sayward is working at Dr. Andrews' office in Quincy.

Arthur Crosby is attending courses at Boston University.

1917

Albert Baker, alias "Fish," is slipping through Boston University.

That famous athlete, Percy Jenkins, is at Staunton Military Academy, Virginia.

Conrad Keys is a student at Dartmouth College.

Jimmie Le Cain and Theodore Higgins, who played on the Alumni football team, are enrolled at Tufts College.

Luther Bennett is working hard at Boston University.

Thomas Maloney does his reciting at Boston College.

The News Editor of the 1916-1917 *Golden Rod*, Hugh Nixon, is at Bowdoin College.

There being no high school doctor, I

suggest engaging Miss Priscilla White, who will soon finish her course at Tufts Medical College.

Those Ewertz boys, Harold and Roy, are at M. I. T.

John Cummings is the happy classmate of Russell Johnson at M. I. T. Russell was Editor-in-chief of the 1916-1917 *Golden Rod* but he has gained the courage to come back to Q. H. S. and address Miss Dawes' fifth period English class. We surely did enjoy and appreciate his inspiring speech and those of his colleagues, Henry Erickson and Hilton Marr. We suspect Marr of speaking merely to win a bet. However, it was most welcome, as is anything which excuses us from English C8. Henry Erickson delivered an interesting and splendid talk concerning his late experiences in France, going more into detail in the sixth period when he explained to Miss Damon methods and courses at the French University he attended at Bordeaux.

Lawrence Beaton, who enlisted in the Navy before his graduation, is at Dean Academy.

Paul Richmond is a student at B. U. but just at present he is also one of those "plaguey" census takers.

The following letter was received at the office from Boston University C. L. A.:

December, 5 1919.

My dear Mr. Collins:

I am sure that you will be interested to learn of the honor which has been conferred upon one of your graduates by his classmates in the College of Liberal Arts.

Mr. C. Heber Bailey is Business Manager of the Hub. The Hub is the College Annual, edited by the Juniors. It involves a great deal of work and places a great deal of responsibility upon Mr. Bailey.

With best wishes for the Quincy High  
School the coming year, I am

Sincerely yours,

ALICE SPRINGFIELD.

*Sec. to the Registrar.*

1918

Louise Hodge has returned from South  
America where she had gone on a busi-  
ness trip with her father.

Hale Waite is working in a Boston  
bank.

Our little maid, Dorothy Empey, has  
gone and got married to Harry Johnson.  
Best wishes to them both.

1919

The Alumni Editor erroneously re-  
marked that Rita Prout went to Bur-  
dett's and that Mildred Bishop was a  
student at Hitchcock's. The truth is  
that they both go to Hickox. Don't  
hesitate to note and correct all mistakes  
of this blundering editor.

Hobart E. Prime is learning the en-  
graving business at the Suffolk Engrav-  
ing Company of Boston.

Helen Alden is attending Miss Evans'  
school in Boston.

*Edna Campbell,*

*Alumni Editor.*

\* \* \*

### A PSALM OF SCHOOL

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,  
School is but an empty dream!  
For the pupil's dead that slumbers,  
And marks are not what they seem.

School is real! School is earnest!  
And good marks are not its goal;  
It's the hard things that thou learnest,  
Which make up your daily role.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to study that to-morrow  
Finds us wiser than to-day.

Math is long, and time is fleeting,  
And our pencils, full of lead,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
With great rhythm on our head.

Let us then be up and passing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still a-plugging, still a-massing,  
For a hundred as our rate.

In the school's broad field of romance,  
In your dreamy hours of nod,  
Do not waste your empty moments  
But write for the "Golden Rod."

Trust no S. P.'s howe'er pleasant!  
Do your boneing all at night!  
Act, act in the living present!  
And continue with your fight!

Lives of teachers all remind us  
We can make our marks sublime,  
And leaving Q. H. S. behind us,  
Leave honor on the sands of time;

Honor that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er a flunking main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall get "E" again.

—*M. L. Abele*, '21.

\* \* \*

Little drops of knowledge,  
Grains of common sense,  
Make a mighty difference  
When the tests commence.

*T. L. D.*, '20.

Mr. Harrington: "What is this part  
of the fern plant called?"

Bright Pupil: "Pinnae."

Mr. Harrington: "No relation to you  
are they, Miss Pyyny?"

## Athletics

We may look back over our past football season with pride. Some fine playing has been exhibited and more than that, a real school spirit has been developed. Some members of the Alumni who were watching one of the inter-class games remarked, "Enthusiasm like this was unknown when I went to High, it is worthy of a college." And after all, isn't that the purpose of school athletics? The more ardor and vigor we put into a sport, whether it be football, basketball, or hockey, the greater enjoyment we secure from it. Supported by such a fine spirit, our football team well upheld the honor of the Blue and Red. As we glance over the record of the football team, we find that in the eight games played with other High Schools we scored 84 points and our opponents scored 71 points. This is indeed a record to be proud of; and we congratulate the football squad for it. The boys who helped make our football season such a success were awarded Q's or monograms at the reception tendered to them by the Junior and Senior classes, December thirteenth. The following boys were presented Q's by Mr. Collins: Capt. Bennett, Mgr. C. Hokenson, L. Leavitt, D. Davis, I. Jackson, W. Curtis, J. Mullarkey, C. Young, I. Jenkins, F. Hannon, W. Robertson, J. Wentworth, T. Lindsay, A. Brogioli, W. Houlihan, L. Shaw, H. Fitton, G. Goodhue, and John Holden. The following were given monograms: F. McDonald, J. Woodworth, L. Carter, J. Miller, F. Cook, R. Brown, H. Hokenson, G. Jones, and G. Gould. Gladys Jenkins, Virginia Follett, and Dorothy Cole, who sold the greatest number of tickets for the games, were given Q's, and Lois Wetmore, who was fourth, was given a monogram. Coach Mitchell, Teacher-Manager Green,

Mr. Nissen, and Mr. Ball, of the faculty, were accorded three cheers for the splendid manner in which they guided the boys to a successful football season.

\* \* \*

### QUINCY HIGH 0 — ALUMNI 3

On Thanksgiving morning the school team and the alumni team met at the Oval for their annual game. The field was in a very poor, wet condition, but the two football squads put up a strong fight. LeCain, the Tufts College quarter-back, playing for the Alumni, was the star player of the game. He kicked a field goal from the thirty-yard line, the only score made. The lineup:

| ALUMNI             |                          | QUINCY HIGH       |
|--------------------|--------------------------|-------------------|
| J. Mahoney         | l.e.                     | C. Hokenson       |
| Dugan, H. Erickson |                          |                   |
|                    | l.t.                     | D. Bennett        |
| R. Johnson         | l.g.                     |                   |
|                    | Holden, Miller, Houlihan |                   |
| C. Hedges          | c.                       | Carter, Robertson |
| E. Ruggles         | r.g.                     | Vallee, Fitton    |
| P. Jenkins         | r.t.                     | J. Wentworth      |
| W. Shyne           | r.e.                     | Jenkins, Goodhue  |
| LeCain             | q.b.                     | D. Davis          |
| R. Barrows         | l.h.b.                   | Curtis            |
| Webster, Woodworth |                          |                   |
|                    | r.h.b.                   | J. Mullarkey      |
| Smith              | f.b.                     | I. Jackson        |

\* \* \*

### SOPHOMORES 19 — FRESHMEN 0

November 25, 1919, the Sophomores eliminated the Freshmen from the school championship contest by defeating them 19 to 0. The Freshmen team, as a whole, was inferior to the Sophomore team in weight and strength. Nevertheless, the yearlings put up a game fight and made their opponents work hard for a victory. By defeating the Freshmen, the Sophomores will play the winner of the coming Junior-Senior game to determine the school championship. The lineup:

| SOPHOMORES | FRESHMEN              | JUNIORS   | SENIORS          |
|------------|-----------------------|-----------|------------------|
| Laing      | l.e. Heap, Richardson | Eaton     | l.e. Hokenson    |
| Jones      | l.t. Nelson           | Bennett   | l.t. Crowell     |
| McQuarrie  | l.g. Call             | Hannon    | l.g. Sheehan     |
| McGovern   | c. Kenney             | Robertson | c. Carter        |
| Durgin     | r.g. Oatte            | Houlihan  | r.g. Shyne       |
| Smith      | r.t. Crosscup         | Wentworth | r.t. Fitton      |
| Arvison    | r.e. Rolfe            | Vallee    | r.e. Young       |
| Hussey     | q.b. LaCroix          | Davis     | q.b. Lindsay     |
| Armstrong  | l.h.b. Coldeway       | Jenkins   | l.h.b. Jackson   |
| Rankin     | r.h.b. Gynan          | Brogioli  | r.h.b. Mullarkey |
| Woodworth  | f.b. McLoud           | Shaw      | f.b. Curtis      |

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

## JUNIORS 6 — SENIORS 0

December 1. The Juniors defeated the Seniors in one of the most interesting and exciting games of the whole season. Class rivalry ran high; both Juniors and Seniors held each other in contempt and did not hesitate to show it. Cheering squads were in evidence during the game. The Junior cheering section was led by Larry Leavitt, who, unfortunately for the Juniors, was out of the game with a broken arm. Throughout the game the ball was very erratic, sometimes dangerously near the Senior goal and at other times threatening the Juniors'. In the first quarter Carter, a Senior, instead of making a punt, made a spectacular 35-yard run. The Juniors regained the ground lost; but then Mullarkey recovered a fumble and again headed the ball toward the Junior goal. The Seniors were not strong enough, however, to hold their ground, for at the close of the first half the ball was on the Senior five-yard line. In the last quarter matters took a bad turn for the Seniors. Bennett blocked a punt and gained thirty yards. Jenkins gained twenty more yards by a forward pass; and Wentworth settled the argument by making a twenty-five yard run for the touchdown.

Crowell, Mullarkey, and Jackson for the Seniors, and Bennett, Davis, and Jenkins for the Juniors, played an excellent game. The lineup:

## JUNIORS 12 — SOPHOMORES 0

December 6. The Juniors clinched the school championship title in football by defeating the Sophomores 12 to 0. The Juniors used their second team in the first half. By strong line plunging the Juniors advanced to their opponent's five yard line, when the whistle blew for the end of the quarter. In the second quarter, the Sophomores gained forty yards by forward-pass plays but outside of that the ball was held dangerously near the Sophomore goal. The regular Junior team came on the field in the second half and they easily outplayed the Sophs. Aerial attacks featured the second half. Robertson scored the first touchdown for the Juniors by a forward pass, and Jenkins increased the score by six in the same way. Barstow and McGovern on the line, and Rankin and Armstrong in the backfield played well for the Sophomores. Jenkins, Davis, Bennett, and Wentworth, all veterans, featured for the Juniors.

\* \* \*

Quincy had the honor of having two of its best football players, Leavitt and Jackson, chosen by the *Boston Globe* for the all-star Greater Boston scholastic eleven.

\* \* \*

Donald Bennett was re-elected football captain for 1920. Prospects for a powerful team next season are brighter

than ever, and Bennett undoubtedly will use to the best advantage all the veteran material available.

\* \* \*

### HOCKEY

On December tenth Mr. Mitchell called out candidates for the hockey team. About thirty fellows responded. Mr. Mitchell has kindly consented to act as coach for the hockey team and under his leadership we hope to have a very fast team. He talked briefly on the fundamentals and rules of the game and gave the boys several ideas of how the game should be played. The seven-man team will be used. After the various inter-class games have been held, the best players will be picked for a school team and other schools will be challenged.

\* \* \*

#### FRESHMEN 1 — SOPHOMORES 1

January 6, 1920. The two lower classes played the first game in the inter-class hockey championship series on Butler's Pond before a large crowd. Armstrong scored for the Sophs at the close of the first half. Heap tied the score in the second half. Guynen and Dingwell played well for the Freshmen. Armstrong's and especially Randall's fast work for the Sophs was the feature of the game. The lineup:

| FRESHMEN |      | SOPHOMORES |
|----------|------|------------|
| Dingwell | r.g. | Hussey     |
| Guynen   | c.   | Randall    |
| Kenney   | r.   | Jones      |
| LaCroix  | l.g. | Coombs     |
| Heap     | c.p. | Ferguson   |
| White    | p.   | Rankin     |
| Keating  | g.   | Armstrong  |

\* \* \*

#### JUNIORS 1 — SENIORS 0

January 16. The Juniors defeated the Seniors 1 to 0 in a very close hockey game on Butler's Pond. The Seniors experienced some hard luck when they shot the puck through their own goal by

an accidental shot. Otherwise, the puck was kept well in the Junior territory throughout the game. Davis played an excellent game for the Juniors, and Mullarkey and Shyne featured for the Seniors. The lineup:

| JUNIORS   |      | SENIORS         |
|-----------|------|-----------------|
| Goodhue   | r.g. | Mullarkey       |
| Abele     | c.   | Deane           |
| Mellish   | r.   | Shyne           |
| Jenkins   | l.g. | Syvanen         |
| Wentworth | c.p. | Lindsay         |
| Davis     | p.   | Gifford         |
| Nicoll    | g.   | Crowell, Fitton |

\* \* \*

### BASKETBALL

Basketball will again this year be confined to inter-class games. Judging from the attendance at the first few games and the enthusiasm shown, this indoor sport will be as popular as ever. Mr. Nissen of the faculty has been secured as coach, and he has arranged a schedule whereby there are, on an average, two games every week. These games will be continued through March and on the twenty-sixth of that month the two class teams having the highest percentage will contend for the championship title. The following basketball captains have been elected: Johnson for the Seniors; Leavitt, Juniors; and Dodge, Sophomores. These captains and their followers will undoubtedly provide some interesting sport during the season.

\* \* \*

#### JUNIORS 17 — SENIORS 12

January 16. In the first basketball game of the season, the Junior five defeated the Seniors 17 to 12. The Seniors had the upper hand in the first half when they led 8 to 7. In the second half, the Juniors, by united team work, scored over their opponents and won the game. Johnson and Carter played well for the Seniors. Jenkins and Davis performed well for the winners. Jenkins

was the high scorer, shooting seven baskets. The lineup:

## JUNIORS

Jenkins r.f.  
 Houlihan l.f.  
 Bennett c.  
 Wentworth r.g.  
 Davis l.g.

## SENIORS

Hokenson  
 Carter  
 Johnson  
 Deane  
 Curtis

*Edgar G. Lundin,  
 Athletic Editor.*

Houlihan: (referring to Griswold) "If hot air was a mouse, you'd be a second 'Jumbo'."

\* \* \*



JUNIORS—CLASS CHAMPIONS—FOOTBALL, 1919

Quincy's Leading Bicycle and Sporting Goods Store

**HOLDEN & CROUT, INC.**

CITY SQUARE, QUINCY, MASS.

—INDIAN—

**Bicycles**

**Motorcycles**

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By our Easy Payment Plan Every Boy or Girl can own one.

## ge Notes

Beverly, Mass.

Arlington High Clarion, Arlington, Mass.

The Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.

The Alpha, New Bedford, Mass.

The Brewster, Brewster, Mass.

The Echo, Canton, Mass.

The Imp, Brighton High, Boston, Mass.

The Industrial School Magazine, Golden, Col.

The Jabberwock, Latin High, Boston, Mass.

The Red and Gray, Fitchburg, Mass.

Lasell Leaves, Auburndale, Mass.

Lawrence High School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass.

The Mirror, Waltham, Mass.

The Polytechnic, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

Syracuse Daily Orange, Syracuse, N. Y.

High School Herald, Westfield, Mass.

The Voice, Lawrence, Mass.

\* \* \*

*The Aegis, Beverly High School—*

We have hunted and hunted but failed to find the Exchanges. Don't you think it would improve the appearance of your magazine to put your advertisements together rather than to scatter them as you do now?

\* \* \*

There is a young teacher named Dawes  
Of much studying she is the cause.

Her pupils, they fight

With a sentence all night,

And oft not till morn do they pause.

Miss ———, '20.

\* \* \*

Pupil in Math subtracting: "2-4-0-."

Miss Thompson: "What number are you calling?"

*The Arlington High School Clarion, Arlington, Mass.—*

An exceedingly interesting magazine. The introduction of a school directory into your magazine is unusual, but is a good addition.

\* \* \*

*The Industrial School Magazine, Golden, Colorado—*

Such a good magazine as yours ought to mention its Exchanges. Comments on the part of one school regarding the work of another school are always helpful. Can't you suggest ways by which your Exchanges may improve?

\* \* \*

### WHAT OTHER SCHOOLS ARE DOING

It may interest our Spanish Department to hear of a successful Spanish Club existing in the *Fitchburg High School* at Fitchburg, Mass. The object of this Club is to encourage students in the study and use of the Spanish language. All proceedings in the Club are carried on in Spanish. We are sure the students will derive a great amount of pleasure and benefit from organizations of this sort.

*Gladys Jenkins,  
Exchange Editor.*

Mr. Blanchard (giving an assignment from Sir Roger de Coverly Papers): "You divide the De Coverly Ghosts between you."

\* \* \*

M. Murphy (to Lubarsky): "Is Abe Lubarsky your father?"

Lubarsky: "Yes."

M. Murphy: "Is he?"

Lubarsky: "No, not Issy, Abie."

## Jokes

Yule: "How do you get a picture of a girl over your heart?"

Miss Shaw: "You'll learn some day, Yule."

\* \* \*

Miss Dawes: "John Russell, what does your mother think of the H. C. of L?"

Russell: "She says she's glad paper is stationery."

\* \* \*

Rhodes: "Would you like a nut Sundae?"

F. Wilson: "Why, I wouldn't mind."

Rhodes: "All right, I'll be over."

\* \* \*

Nichols: "I'm trying hard to get ahead."

Miss Fitzgerald: "You need one."

\* \* \*

Silverman: "The deer was hit in the Cretan forest."

Mr. Jewell: "What part of the body did you say?"

\* \* \*

Now Mendell has a very nice,  
Though kind of foreign look,  
But judging from what I've observed  
He seldom probes his book.

\* \* \*

Teacher: (to a tardy English pupil)  
"Where have you been?"

Pupil: "I haven't been anywhere, I was waiting for the second bell to ring."

Teacher: "Next time get up close enough to the bell."

\* \* \*

Mr. Blanchard: "If there are any good jokes in this class, send them in to the 'Golden Rod'."

Pupil: "Don't worry, there won't be anything funny happen in this class."

\* \* \*

### IN GLEE CLUB

Miss Howes: "It looks as though there were a good many absent. (Calling the names) Miss Ordway?"

Member: "She's absent."

Miss Williams: "That's what makes the 'Club' seem so small."

Miss Howes: "Oh! you mean thing."

### ONIONS

I wish there was an inventive man,  
To patent, make, and sell,  
An onion with the same old taste,  
But—with a flowery smell.

*M. D. Kennedy, '20.*

\* \* \*

An adder must be some kind of a mathematical reptile.

\* \* \*

### A HOT ONE

Miss Howe (discussing a French sentence): "If the monkey had something hot to drink, he would recover."

Miss Pitts: "Wood alcohol."

\* \* \*

The Freshmen have carriages very clean and bright;

The Sophomores have bicycles over which they fight;

The Juniors have tin Lizzies which they leave up in the hall;

But the lazy, shiftless Seniors haven't anything at all.

\* \* \*

Mr. Thomas: "What is in the gas meter?"

"Red" Coombs: "Quarters."

\* \* \*

Miss Perkins: "Miller, how did you draw that circle?"

Miller: "With my foot as a radius."

\* \* \*

Mr. Harrington: "Mercurous chloride is often administered as a medicine, but never take it unless you want to shake hands with St. Peter."

\* \* \*

First Pupil: "Oh Boy! I'm tired."

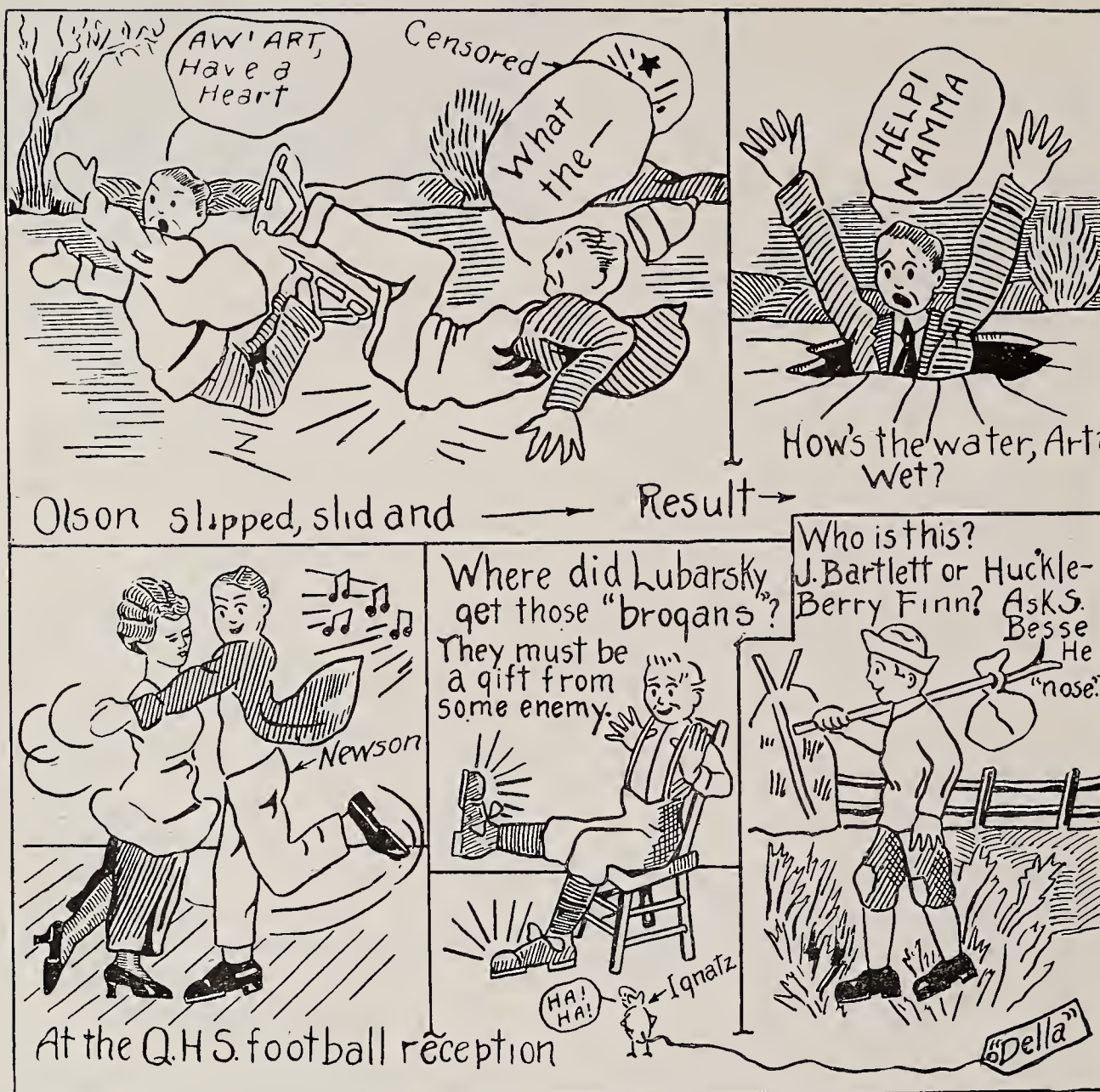
Second pupil: "You have only moved two feet."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Faulkner: (calling on John Lane)  
"What part of speech is lonely, Lane?"

\* \* \*

Miss Ponch wouldn't be so pert,  
And willing to be seen,  
If, instead of raven black,  
Her hair was vivid green.



Teacher: "Differentiate a cow."

Brown: "A cow is a female bull."

\* \* \*

Mary Murphy (giving her outside reading test) "Miss Maitland was just like a man, not clean or anything."

\* \* \*

ROOM 22 WANTS TO KNOW:

What causes so much overhead disturbance?

Does Mr. Jewell keep his hand in his vest pocket for the same reason Napoleon did?

Mr. Jewell: "What does a relative clause of result express?"

Miss Nelson: "It expresses result."

\* \* \*

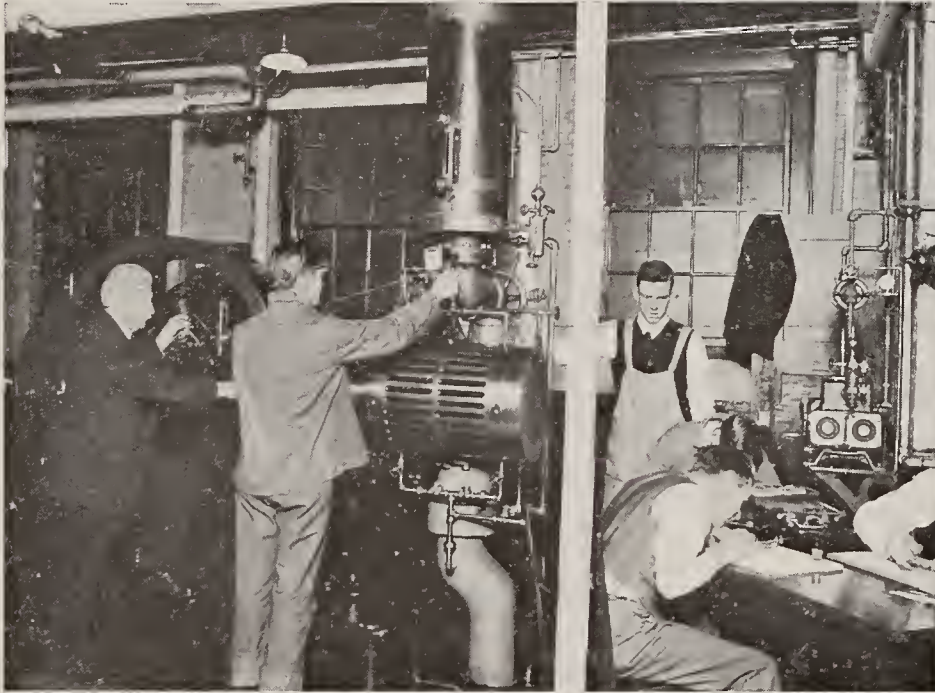
Miss Dawes: (To C7) "The only way by which you can be excused from work is by death, marriage, or imprisonment."

Fitton: "Just what is the difference?"

\* \* \*

Freshman (translating Latin) "He embraced himself."

NORTHEASTERN COLLEGE  
**Co-Operative School of Engineering**



TAKING INDICATOR DIAGRAMS—MECHANICAL LABORATORY

**COURSES OFFERED**

The Co-operative School of Engineering of Northeastern College offers four-year college courses of study in four branches of Engineering:

- I. Civil Engineering.
- II. Mechanical Engineering.
- III. Electrical Engineering.
- IV. Chemical Engineering.

**REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION**

Graduates of the Quincy High School who have included Algebra to Quadratics and Plane Geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examination.

**EARNINGS**

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$200 to \$600 per year.

**APPLICATION**

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalogue. Copies will also be mailed upon request. These should be forwarded to the School at an early date.

For a catalogue or any further information in regard to the School, address

**CARL S. ELL, Dean,**  
**316 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.**



Tell us not in Mournful Numbers  
"Shoes are higher than before"  
We can sell you for Two Dollars  
Better Shoes than Caesar wore.  
We sell more shoes than all other  
Quincy Stores Combined  
Our prices make "Boston Prices" a  
Joke  
Buy your next Pair of Shoes at the



---

## "HEYWOOD" AND "GROVER"

Shoes For Young Men and Women

Who are particular about Their Footwear

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